

VALLEY LIFE

Inside

DON'T SLOW DOWN ON
FRUITRIDGE
AVENUE

By

JOHN P. DIETZLER
TERRE HAUTE

Every autumn, when gray evening mists float silently among the brown cornstalks standing in the withered fields along Fruitridge near Margaret Avenue in the southeast corner of Terre Haute, a solitary young woman appears along the roadside.

Her dark eyes and high cheek bones are framed by straight black hair that is pulled back tightly and held at the back by a red ribbon. She is slight, almost willowy and some say she is of average height while others say she is rather tall.

All agree that she is wearing an off white tunic of coarse cloth over long tan pants. Some insist that she is wearing deerskin moccasins while others insist that her feet are covered by brown sandals that are held together with rope.

Her light tan skin glows in the low slanting rays of the setting sun giving her eyes a deeper darkness and accenting the shadows of her cheek bones.

Some say she is an American Indian princess; others say that she is the descendant of an African American beauty who was the wife of a plantation overseer. All agree that she caught their attention by raising her right arm with the palm of her hand toward the approaching vehicle.

She appeared to be faint or in some kind of distress. Drivers who have stopped for her claim that they automatically opened the door for her.

"It's as though some power outside my body moved me," claimed one driver who added, "she moves so quickly and silently that she is in the car in an instant and the door is closed and the locks popped down."

She has never been known to smile and the movement of her head and long, thin hands seems to be in slow motion, almost floating. Her eyes radiate fear.

She has never been known to get out before Hulman Street and never rides beyond Deming Park.

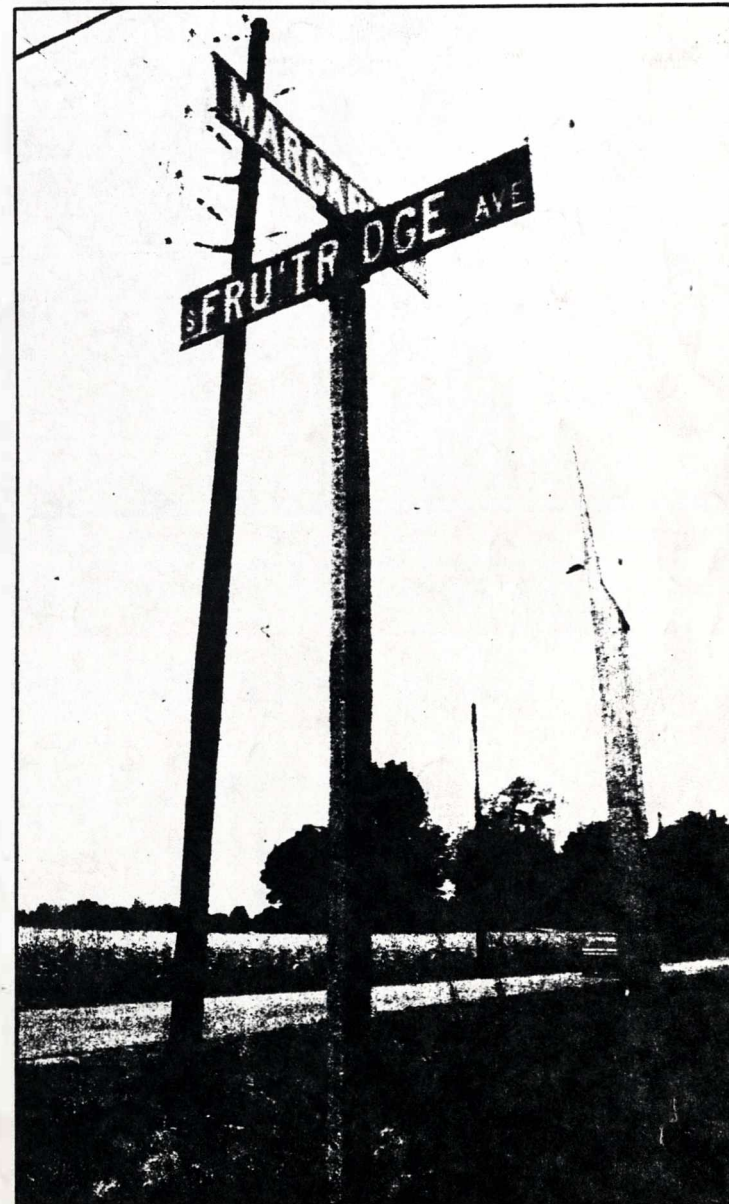
All drivers agreed that she seemed to disappear into the early darkness almost instantly after she got out. Some say a chill suddenly filled their car.

For weeks after their experience with the young lady in distress, drivers reported nightmares. One dream involved a young slave girl fleeing to freedom and being chased by bounty hunters.

The other involved a young American Indian girl trying to escape captivity from another tribe. Each girl cried out for help in finding her way. Both dreams ended in the same way. The girl fell from a cliff and the dreamer awoke suddenly to a dark room and the distant screech of an owl.

Now, if in the weeks before Halloween you are driving near the intersection of Fruitridge and Margaret Avenue at sunset, you are free to make your own decision to stop and help if a young woman appears along the roadside and signals you to stop.

Then again, maybe you won't be able to help yourself but will find yourself stopped in your tracks by what some Vigo County residents call the "Ghost of Fruitridge."



**Child's spirit
protects home**

**Sleep may not
be the answer**

**Man needs his
wife — dead**

Tn the small town of Hillsdale,

It was a nice and quiet day in

In 1988 a school was named

Haunted Valley

It was a dark and stormy night . . .

* Folklore (w)

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Community Affairs File

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BY
APRIL YORK
JOHN SEIFERT'S CLASS
WEST VIGO
HIGH SCHOOL

A young man of 18, I entered the military and helped settle the dispute of 1812 between Turkey and Russia. I was stationed at my home town of Strat-

ford, England, until I was to leave for Istanbul. Although many years have passed, I frequently have flashbacks of the war I fought in. Now I keep to myself and hold tight reign over my tidy corner supermarket.

One evening when I didn't have any customers in my store, a frail woman came in who looked to be in her early thirties. She was wearing a gray dress that was badly torn and matted to her

body. The way she walked was kind of ghastly, as though she were floating. She looked like she hadn't eaten in a while or was sick. The lady silently came up to the counter by the cash register, where I thought she would stop to pay for the bottle of milk she had chosen from the milk rack. But instead of stopping, she went out the door without muttering one word. I didn't follow her for I was overcome with fright from her appearance.

The following night, the same lady appeared again without saying anything, and again got a bottle of milk and left. This had me upset something awful and I called two of my buddies. We all agreed to meet at the store the next evening for they were disbelievers. I still would rather have witnesses with me if she were to come back again.

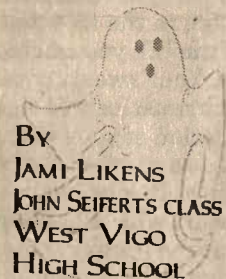
The next evening, my buddies and I awaited the appearance of this woman.

She appeared in the same dress she wore the previous three times I saw her. The only thing I noticed different, was the smell of decay coming from the direction from which she was standing. The lady once again took a bottle of milk and left. My buddies and I secretly followed her. We followed her silently but we knew where she was headed before she even got there. The graveyard. The graveyard that consists of headstones from veterans to Calvary men. My buddies were as frightened as I was but we persisted on following her. The woman disappeared by a freshly dug grave. The grave said a

woman and a child were buried there after having died of pneumonia. We were stunned by her disappearance but decided to see if something was wrong with the grave. We rushed back to my store and got three shovels. We then hurried back to the graveyard and started digging. When we reached the coffin, one of my buddies, Tom, opened it. To our surprise the baby was alive, and lying close to the woman we saw in my store. We checked but she was positively dead. Besides the woman, and the baby in her arms, were three empty milk bottles.

Don't be home alone at night

BY
JAMI LIKENS
JOHN SEIFERT'S CLASS
WEST VIGO
HIGH SCHOOL



It was around six o'clock and the Auten family was getting ready to go out to eat. Rachael and her husband Steve were trying to get the kids as well as themselves ready.

Steven, the oldest of the three children, asked, "Can we go outside and play while you and mommy get ready?"

Steve said, "Okay, as long as you don't get dirty." When Steve and Rachael were finished they called for the children, but when the children got there they were all dirty. Rachael and Steve were so angry that they decided to leave the children at home and go out to eat without them.

Later that night there was a big thunder storm and the children were still alone. Suddenly they heard a loud knock on the door. It was repeated over and over. The children were still alone. Suddenly they heard a loud knock on the door. It was repeated over and over. The children began whimpering. A loud voice said, "Who's here on this dark and stormy night? I am very hungry."

The children panicked and ran and hid, Steven, under the bed, Jessie, under the table, and Jami, in the grandfather clock.

The voice repeated, louder this time, "Who's here on this dark and stormy night? I want a little girl or boy for supper."

The door was kicked open and the snarling beast charged in. Its teeth were like long knives and saliva dribbled from its mouth.

It started for the kids, Steven first. It took him in his arms and went to get Jessie. He picked her up and took her along with Steven out into the woods to his lair.

Jami was still hiding in the grandfather clock. The house

was quiet, so she crept out to see who was there. As soon as she walked into the bedroom she heard a noise. She got scared so she curled under the bed.

Then Steve yelled for the kids. Jami ran out crying, "It took Steven and Jessie?" Steven called the police and told them everything. The police searched for about eight hours until they found Jessie's shoes. It looked like someone had been chewing on them. Then they found the bones.

Steve, Rachael, and Jami were never the same.

Pray for luck, hope to escape

BY
KRISTIN ALKIRE
JOHN SEIFERT'S CLASS
WEST VIGO
HIGH SCHOOL

One dark and foggy night I was driving home from my boyfriend's house. The air was damp and cold; it had a kink of eerie enclosing feeling. All I wanted to do was get home where I would feel safe and warm.

Up ahead I could see flashing red lights, and I could hear the faint sound of a train whistle in the distance. I accelerated, hoping to get to the tracks and see how far away the train was, then maybe go through.

But no luck, I was greeted at the tracks by a slow moving train. So, I lit a cigarette and sat there in the dark, uneasy silence. The train, barely moving, stopped. The silence was unbearable.

As I reached to turn on the radio, out of the corner of my eye, I saw a figure moving through the tall weeds along the road. I could hear the dry leaves and twigs crackling under the feet of what ever was out there. As I sat there fear over came me. A hundred things ran through my mind.

I tried to convince myself it was a dog, or maybe a deer. But the steps were too heavy. Then I heard a crazy kind of laughter. I could hear the steps more clearly.

It was moving closer! I moved quickly to lock the doors and roll up the windows. I could feel my heart beat in my throat. I could hardly breath.

I got myself together and threw my car in reverse. It sputtered and died. I knew in my mind it was over for me. I was paralyzed with fear. I sat and stared at the motionless train, too scared to move, too scared to cry.

I suddenly heard the laughter again.

I looked over and saw the man only a few feet from my car. He was just standing there, staring straight at me. He had on a white shirt, soaked with what appeared to be blood. He took a few steps toward me.

Then from behind I saw the headlights of another car. The man kicked my car, then ran off into the thick woods. The train

was beginning to creep along the tracks now. But my car would still not start.

A little old man got out of the car behind me walked up and offered me some help. He fixed my car, I thanked him, then drove back to Randy's house.

When I arrived I told him about what had happened. At first he did not believe me. But when he saw the huge dent in the car door, he then believed me.

We went into the house and sat down. He picked up the remote control and turned on the television. There on the screen was the face of the man at the railroad tracks.

The man had escaped from the local mental hospital. He was very dangerous. The crazy man had murdered two teenage girls that night. I could have been the third.

Human blood food for evil pumpkin



By
MARY WIESS &
STACY WEIR
JOHN SEIFERT'S CLASS
WEST VIGO
HIGH SCHOOL

There is a legend around the town of Shoals. It's about an hour and a half from Salem. Rumor has it, that on this stretch of the road, back to Salem, on a night that there is a full moon, or anytime around Halloween, if you're on the road by yourself, a jack-o-lantern will chase your car down the road.

If you ever stop, or a car breaks down, a hatchet man will try to chop your head off. The pumpkin also tries to kill you, or lead you away to a waterfall. If you follow the pumpkin,

be very careful because there are corpses that walk around and try to kill people.

So be careful because they are after your blood. Our blood is what keeps them alive. If you do make it to the waterfall, be especially careful that you don't get too close, or the pumpkin will push you over the edge of the waterfall, and you will be dead quicker than you can yell for help.

So, if you're ever on the road at night, make sure you never travel by yourself. If you do stop, don't get out of the car until the next day, or the crack of dawn.

Sinister is the glow of miner's lantern



By
MR. & MRS.
D.L. STURM
TERRE HAUTE

In the early 1900's, a young miner was slain on his way home, as he crossed a bridge over a small creek, in north-east Vigo County. The dastardly deed was thought to have been perpetrated by three rogues, who mysteriously disappeared

shortly after the discovery of the murder. It is further believed, the young miner was killed for the small amount of money he was carrying. He mistakenly boasted of his meager wealth in Baldwin's Tavern, when the suspected scoundrels were present.

The young miner and Baldwin were friends. Baldwin had known the miner's parents and considered the entire family kind

and hard-working people. Baldwin had often hired the young miner to help with odd jobs, whenever the mine was shut down. It was a terrible blow to Baldwin, when he learned of the fate of such a fine young person. Worse, was the fact, a young woman and two small girls had tragically lost a husband and a father.

The young miner's body was buried in a nearby cemetery. But, many local residents believed then and now, his soul still searches the road near the fateful bridge. For decades people have reported seeing the faint flicker of a light as they near or cross the bridge, where the miner was beaten to death. Many believe it is the glow from the miner's carbide lamp, as the he patrols the area, awaiting the return of the villain or villains who ended his life so deplorably.

The legend of Ghost Bridge can only be surpassed by a visit to the eerie location. For

when your vehicle rounds the sharp curve, where Baldwin's Tavern stood long ago, you will feel an enormous rush of adrenaline. Your headlight beams will slowly descend from high in the tree tops, until at the bottom of the hill you can barely detect Ghost Bridge. Your sweating palms and knotted stomach muscles will signal your frightful anticipation of your visit. By the time your vehicles as reached the bottom of the hill and Ghost Bridge has come into full view your heart will be beating as if it will surely burst at the spooky thought of seeing the haunting light. To actually see the light at Ghost Bridge is a tingling experience, to say the least. But, all must beware. Legend notes should the miner's light fall upon your face and he mistakes you as his assailant, he will unleash his rage of vengeance upon you.

War still rages for some sailors



Kim and I went to Vincennes to visit my family and they told us about the Memorial Park on the Wabash River, of the furthest west naval battle of the French and British War. We drove to the park and read the bronze plaque commemorating the battle. It said, "This plaque is in memory of the British Captain Shaw, who had the courage to take on the French troops by himself. His death is a mystery; he either drowned or got captured by the French and though his troops

BY
DAVID ELKINS
JOHN SEIFERT'S CLASS
WEST VIGO
HIGH SCHOOL

vowed to find him, they never did."

We had a picnic and watched a softball game. That lasted until dark. It started getting colder. The moon came out full and bright, but soon clouds drifted in with the wind. As we headed back to the car, fog rolled in, thick and heavy. We walked faster as we heard a blast and men crying in pain. We ran faster and faster. Our hearts were beating hard as if they would break out of our chests. The screams and cries got louder and louder.

Kim slipped and fell on the wet grass. I helped her up and the screams and cries stopped. Then it got quite and peaceful. All of a sudden an English warship appeared from out of the fog. We could see the pale hollow faces of the crew of the warship as they sailed up and down the river as if they were searching for something.

We ran to the car and headed to my aunt's house. We woke them up and told them what happened; they laughed at us and told us to go to bed. We told them over and over, but they never did believe us and still to this day they never have.

Shortcuts can cost your life



Sue was walking home. She was going to take the old railroad tracks. It was getting really dark out and there were no stars in the sky. The moon was the only thing giving off light. There had not been any train on the tracks for years.

BY
AMY SKELTON
JOHN SEIFERT'S CLASS
WEST VIGO
HIGH SCHOOL

They say if you listen really close that you can hear a train coming and a little girl scream-

ing. Sue kept thinking about the little girl and the train. So she changed her mind. When she got home she asked her mother what had happened on the old railroad tracks. Her mother said that she would tell her. She said, "Okay, mother go a head and start telling me."

Her mother said, "Well, Sue, this is what happened." Sue sat really still. Her mother started telling the story. There once was a little girl named Becky.

She was coming home from play practice when it started to get dark. She usually walked on the highway because she knew how dangerous the railroad tracks were, but this night she figured she could get home faster by taking the railroad tracks late at night.

When she reached the middle of the tracks, she started to hear a train coming and started to run across the tracks.

The train seemed to be getting closer and closer. It started to get louder and louder. The next thing Becky knew, the train was on top of her, and she was gone.

"Mom, I'm glad I did not go across the railroad tracks. I would not want that to happen to me," said Sue.

"Sue, I'm glad you did not either."

They did look for Becky's body

but no one could find her. They called the train company but no trains were running that night. So who knows what happened to Becky or the train that night, but the legends go on. If you walk across the train tracks late at night, you can hear the train rumbling down the tracks and Becky screaming. To this day no one really knows what happened to Becky.

Spirits often help



By
M.L.M.
TERRE HALITE

The night was still and warm enough to leave a window open near my bed, even though it was mid

March.

I slept a dreamless sleep, a deep sleep that comes from a hard days work.

It was nearly midnight or a few minutes after when a sudden voice called my name loudly, and as if right in my ear.

My eyes popped open at such a rude awakening.

Upon collecting my thoughts, I realized it sounded somewhat like my older brother. Evidently he had been on a night out and needed a place to stay. I called out his name at the window, but no reply.

I wasn't afraid, just wide awake. So I headed for the living room to watch a little TV.

The next day, I came to the conclusion that the voice, though it sounded like my brother's was not quite like his.

It finally registered in my head that it was more like my dad's, and he'd been dead for 24 years.

Upon speaking to my sister-in-law and verifying that my brother was home that night, she told me it was possibly a warning from my father and I should check around the house.

Sure enough there was a screen out at my laundry room window and definite pry marks at the bottom of the window.

My dad was warning me and my getting up and turning on the lights frightened the would be burglars away.

On Hallows Eve, take care if you cross 'The Bridge'

By
GEORGE
McCULLOUGH
TERRE HAUTE

Iwalk in a misty fog down an unfamiliar road as shadows stretch forth cast by a sun now beyond the horizon. Wind-whipped leaves of autumn float across my path like dying day creatures falling through the fog to a night of final rest. I've heard tales of this way, of eerie phantoms rumored here on an autumn's eve to haunt a traveler passing, and of the bridge, aye The Bridge. Yet not of the bridge are the tales, but what may wait beneath it; that is the legend. This, a Hallows Eve, is not the night to challenge rumor, for such stories are not told without some truth in circumstances or experience.

Sounds of the night now rise with the misty fog. To sort wind sounds from those some appoint to haunts would be but folly for the ear of mortal man. That is how the Legend of the bridge accounts of it. Yet on I plod, down the gravel way into the falling night, listen-

ing not to the sounds I cannot identify, nor sorting them from those I know as hooting owl and howling dog.

The bridge is nearer now. The darkening starlit night engulfs me as I search the fog for a clue that the bridge is truly there. A frog creaks. Is it beneath the bridge? I hesitate, then move forward; my fate is cast for I must pass this way and pass the bridge.

A pair of creatures eyes flash in the dark ahead appearing to be well above the road beneath my feat. Choking back a lump I tell myself, "It's but a simple night creature; perhaps nocturnal raccoon or prowling woods cat roving the bridge, seeking much smaller prey than I." I slip more into the night near devoid of light. My gravel grinding steps echo into the mist that floats above my head. Something's there! What? A bat. But it only chases moths and flares off into the ebony.

On I plod. What's this! My foot is full upon it. It is certainly not the gravel of the road. It is wooden — a plank of wood. I have reached the bridge! I am at the bridge; that bridge which, I am told, harbors and hides from view eerie haunts, spirits, phantoms and ghosts of a Hallows Eve. I tremble slightly but

stank quietly, nearly afraid to breath.

For an endless moment I am at my mind's limit to recall all known incantations that ward off haunts and ghosts and demons of all sorts. I take time to chant into the depthless darkness those remembered. The night, now still but for my voice, echoes with my faltering speech, instilling a creaking in my joints like that in the bridge plank on which I stank. The grating sound of the bridge plank now supporting my near weightless foot roars a warning into the night, alerting whatever my lurk below that I'm aboard the bridge.

Then, as though it had a will of its own, my other foot steps full upon the infamous bridge. The plank again creaks; my fate sealed in the sounding. Looking back into the blackness behind me, I search it for anything that might be stalking there. I realize I must pass over the bridge, and soon, of darkness has fully come. Now fewer stars (and those dimmed by the drifting fog) serve to light the bridge and the gravel way as well. From inside me, from a place I know not of, a well of strength rushes to my legs and feet. I burst forward straightaway, racing into the night, my trusted boots slipping on bridge planks

wet with fog, touching them but an instant with each stride.

At full gate, the night rushes by; then my right foot sinks into the dark beneath me, and I tumble headlong into the mist. My hands outstretched to catch the fall strike nothing. I hear a voice (not unlike my own) screaming into the night as my mind flashes demonic tortures before me in a flow of soul burning fear. Is this the end, my final fall into eternity?

Slamming into a fog-wet gravel road, my flesh tears as my knees and hands are ground into the stones. I try to break the fall and fear by rolling well beyond the bridge. Then, standing fully upright, I yell, "I've crossed it. I crossed it on a Hallows Eve — I crossed alone on the darkest of nights, with the only harm caused by my fearful flight headlong into the dark. I crossed the damn! I crossed!"

Brushing off the torn places that once were the knees of my jeans, I stare back into the black where the bridge must be. I hear my voice, much calmer now, say aloud, "I knew those were just superstitious ramblings about that old bridge." I cursed by phobias and laughed at the irrational actions I had

taken only moments before.

What's that? It's on the bridge, it's —hoof beats! I twist my body to face the sound.

From out of the dark and foggy mist a beast takes shape. A pale horse like creature rears up into the night, kicking its hoofs up and jerking its head from side to side, its iridescent red eyes but flashing streaks in the black! It charges forward. A screaming, headless, demonic rider shrouded in a billowing cape of blue fire lighting up the night is suddenly astride it. The demon wields a 3 foot double-edged sword glimmering like a diamond in the mist, dripping red droplets at its tip.

The unholy pair descend upon the spot where I stank frozen in total fear. I know instinctively their mission is to possess my soul and claim my head as trophy. The sword thrusts just as my feet, without instruction, deftly move me aside. Again and again and again the sword is swung and I skillfully avoid each thrusting swoop. NO! NO! A stabbing pain is felt then nothing more as I watch my body fall away.

Now there is another tale to tell of Hallows Eve, and "The Bridge."

Dog's spirit still faithful to family

By
JESSICA O'NEAL
TERRE HAUTE

This legend from the St. Joseph County area of Indiana. It was told to me, as a little girl, by my father.

A young couple with a small daughter moved into a charming old farmhouse where they lived quite happily for several months. Occasionally they would catch fleeting glimpses of a large black Labrador retriever loping around their property.

One night in early October, as the family sat in their living room, the large black dog

appeared in their house. It ran to the child and gently clasped her clothing in its jaws and proceeded to drag her across the floor. The dog then simply disappeared. This happened every night for about four days and the family was naturally quite frightened.

The fifth day, the father decided to get his rifle and wait for the dog to return. When the dog appeared again, the father was laying in wait, but before he could shoot, the dog vanished into thin air.

At that point the couple began to investigate the history of the farmhouse hoping to learn something that would help them understand this terrifying experience. While looking in the local library, they came across an old newspaper article dated October,

1880, telling of a fire that burned the farmhouse almost to the ground. The people that lived there at the time had a child that had been trapped in the burning house. The family's faithful Labrador Retriever rescued the child by dragging it to safety. The family was overjoyed that their child had been saved, but despite their efforts to help the dog, it perished in the blaze.

When the present day couple found out about this act of heroism, they realized they no longer needed to be afraid. Although the dog never appeared inside the house again, often in October, they would catch sight of its apparition in the moonlight and hear its melancholy howls carried on the wind.

Don't go near 'Midnight Spooks Bridge' on Halloween

By
CHRISTI STEVENS
TERRE HAUTE

Once there was a scarecrow that would come out only on Halloween at midnight. There has only been one

or two people that claim they saw the scarecrow's spirit. Others say they saw the live scarecrow.

The people that saw the spirit claim the scarecrow itself has been dead for about 200 years. The only place the scarecrow stands is on a bridge. Everybody that says they have seen the

scarecrow or its spirit, claim there are screams of people who died under the bridge.

People who own the bridge, named it "Midnight Spooks" bridge. I have decided I will try it myself this Halloween. It is tonight! I am headed toward the "Midnight Spooks" bridge right

now.

It is 11:50 p.m. I am starting to see a light flashing in front of my car. Uhhh Uhhh fellows this is getting pretty spooky! Hours go by pretty fast don't they? Ahhh!

The end and the man lays dead under the bridge.



Holiday Hope' aimed at those suffering grief

Adults and children who have suffered the death of a loved one often approach the holiday season with dread — and consuming sadness.

Grief takes the "merry" from Christmas, and, at times, the gratefulness from Thanksgiving.

How does one cope with holiday traditions after the death of a husband, a wife, a child, a parent, a beloved friend?

Some answers will be suggested during "Holiday Hope," a seminar for people who are grieving. The seminar will be presented from 1 to 3 p.m. Nov. 12 in the Chestnut Room in the Holiday Inn.

In its fifth year, Holiday Hope is presented free as a community service by the Mattox Family of Funeral Homes. Any person — child or adult — who is grieving for a loved one is welcome to attend.

Holiday Hope is helpful, memorable and beautiful.

An average of 150 to 175 people attend, and there is a healing comfort in realizing that grief is not a solitary thing, but one shared by dozens of other men, women and children.

The afternoon includes a candlelighting service, and a brief session about ways of creating memorials to loved ones.

A panel of professionals who specialize in death, dying and bereavement talk about grief and about ways of accepting it and working through it.

Blank cards are distributed at the start of the seminar so those attending may ask questions and express concerns anonymously.

A personalized gift is given to each family.

Parents who have suffered the death of an infant receive soft teddy bears to hug and hold onto when hours are especially bleak.

In the past, Holiday Hope was presented at the end of November. It's offered earlier this year, because Thanksgiving, with its family-rich traditions, also is difficult to endure.

Other changes set this year's seminar apart from those in the past, said Dona J. Brown, family counselor with the Mattox Family.

This year, children will share a workshop of their own, aimed

at helping them express their grief and understand it.

Brown carries a special concern for children. She realizes that it is difficult for parents who are drained of emotion to talk with their children. She knows, too, that many adults hesitate to talk about death because they fear giving the child wrong or misleading information.

"The fact is children feel stress, grief and depressed," she said. "They need to express their feelings. They need to talk."

Brown believes parents and their children can learn from one another and help one another.

"Talking about it," she said, "helps the child express his feelings, doubts and concerns. It also helps him receive love, understanding, support and strength."

At the same time, the child learns to express love and support and to be a source of strength and understanding for the bereaved adult.

"Death is a part of life," Brown said. "When there is birth, there will be death. Be natural. Be honest."

Packets of printed information will be distributed at the seminar. Heeding requests for ways of living with grief, not just during the holidays, but every day, Brown and the staff at Mattox Wood have compiled a series of booklets about grief. The unique problems resulting from a suicide are discussed in one booklet. Another was created for widows and widowers, and another for siblings.

The aim of each is to answer the plea: "Help me understand what I'm feeling."

The packet, Brown said, is meant to be read and read again.

A listing of support groups in the community will be included in the packet.

Reservations and arrangements for free transportation to and from the seminar are available by telephoning 462-1010. Deadline for reservations is Friday, but no one will be turned away, Brown said.

People who cannot attend the seminar and who request the printed information will receive it, Brown said.

Professional women select Stiegelbauer as top woman

Patty Stiegelbauer recently was selected as "Woman of the Year" by the Wabash Valley Business and Professional Women's organization.

She is the club's first vice president and program chair. Since joining the organization in 1990, she has served as secretary, corresponding secretary, and chairman of the Christmas party and card committee.

Stiegelbauer is a native of Terre Haute. She has been employed at Gibault School since 1983. Before assuming her position as administrative assistant for The Gibault Foundation Inc., she worked six years as development secretary.

She worked 12 years at the Vigo County Juvenile Center.

Stiegelbauer attended Indiana State University and completed various computer courses offered by IBM and Manpower Temporary Services.

In 1991 and 1992, she received the Gibault Support Services "Employee of the Year" award. She also was named "Woman of the Year" by the local radio control club. She is a member of the



PATTY STIEGELBAUER

Terre Haute Radio Control Club, Academy of Model Aeronautics, the YWCA and St. Benedict Church.

She and her husband and two daughters enjoy flying remote controlled airplanes. Other interests include motorcycling, softball, painting Christmas villages, swimming, water skiing and downhill snow skiing.

Stiegelbauer is the Wabash Valley organization's 12th woman of the year.

Bridge center

Officially, the week of Oct. 12-17 was labeled "Progressive Sectional Week" at the Pat Bryan Bridge Center. It could have been called "Mitchell Week" or "Phyllis Bryan Week."

It could have been called Mitchell Week because five of the games had seven or more tables in play, the number needed to have Mitchell movement.

It could have been called Phyllis Bryan Week because she needed four silver points to become a Life Master. She had fulfilled her required number of black, red and gold points, and her two first-place finishes on Tuesday, a third on Friday and a second on Saturday gave her five silver points, putting her over the top.

A party honoring her achievement as a Life Master will be staged at the club Saturday, Nov. 14, in conjunction with a Swiss team game.

☆☆☆

Intermediate bridge lessons are being given at the club by Sharon Austin, who is accredited by the American Contract Bridge League. The lessons are conducted at 5:30 p.m.

The Holiday Inn will be the site of the Terre Haute Sectional Tournament set for Nov. 20-22.

Action will begin at 8 p.m. Friday, as Master pairs (50 plus) and non-masters (0-50) square off.

The Saturday afternoon game is stratified with a side game for novices at 1 p.m. The second session of stratified play will start at 7 p.m.

The Sunday Swiss team game will be played in two strata, 0-99 and open. The first round will begin at 11 a.m., and the second will start after dinner.

☆☆☆

Winners Oct. 12-17:

Monday — North-South — First, Bart Brown and Nancy Pillon; second, Suzy Justus and Frank DeSanto; third, Forest McNeil and Bill Van Horn. East-West — First, Berniece and Bob Brown; second, Mary Alice Spahr and Pat Koger; third, Gini Stipp and Laura Bright. 0-99 Strata — First, Norma Keefer and Madonna Hogan; second, Ginny Schroeder and Jerry Adelman.

Tuesday Noon — First, Pat Bryan and Nancy Pillon;

second, June Swango and Jenny Davis; third, Bill McClellan and Helen Harmison. 0-99 Strata — First, Sharon Winters and Sharon Gick; second, John May and Norma Keefer.

Tuesday P.M. — North-South — First, Janet Horton and Milt Van Reed; second, Jean Fields and Frank DeSanto; third, Ginny Schroeder and Alberta Ervin. East-West — First, Phyllis Bryan and Laura Bright; second, Barbara Carrol and Norma Keefer; third, Mona Sternfeld and Bart Brown.

Thursday Afternoon — North-South — First, Mary Ellen Parker and Jim Dickey; second, Martha Jensen and Anne Nugent; third, Alberta Ervin and Sol Maestro. East-West — First, Gini Stipp and Janet Horton; second, Helen Harmison and Bill McClellan; third, Sharon Gick and Sharon Winters.

Thursday Evening — North-South — First, Janet Horton and Fred Ervin; second, Mona Sternfeld and Judy Harris; third, Nick Tallyn and Norma Keefer. East-West — First, George Woodason and Sue

Stoner; second, John Pidany and Don Reuland; third, Helen Harmison and Bill McClellan.

Friday — First, Janet Horton and Fred Ervin; second, Ben Nicholson and Nick Tallyn; third, Mary Alice Spahr and Pat Price; fourth, Phyllis Bryan and Nancy Pillon.

Saturday — North-South — First, Edith Cress and Forest McNeil; second, Pat Price and Nancy Pillon; third, Frank DeSanto and Bart Brown. East-West — First, Milt Van Reed and Joanna Hebermehl; second, Phyllis Bryan and Mary Ellen Parker; third, Bob Bovenschen and George Phelan.

Novice Championship — First, Wells Irving and David Rohe; second, Ken and Parry Snider; third, Amy and Niel Flatter; fourth, Don and Ruth Ann Tooloose.

Wednesday — Unit Championship — First, Sneh Nanda and Sue Stoner; second, Pat Price and Nancy Pillon; third, Suzy Justus and Mary Alice Spahr; fourth, Janet Horton and Gini Stipp; fifth, Jerry Adelman and Dora Miles.

YWCA offers early Christmas gifts

The YWCA is offering an early — and fitting — holiday gift to residents of the Wabash Valley.

People who register for November and December aquatic exercise class, aquatic exercise pass, floor exercise class, floor exercise pass, or the Women's Fitness Center will pay full price for November and half-price for December.

The discount applies to class fees in the programs listed above, including aquatics classes — water walking, aqua aerobics I and II, and Twinges in the Hinges; and floor exercise classes — conditioning, stretch and tone, total body toning, low impact aerobics, step aerobics, teen step aerobics, Marshall stretch, F.I.T., and Women's Fitness Center.

Registration deadline is Friday, Nov. 6. Registration for both months must be completed at the same time. The registration desk is open from 8 a.m. to 8:30 p.m. Monday through Friday, from 8:45 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. Saturday, and from 9 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. Sunday.

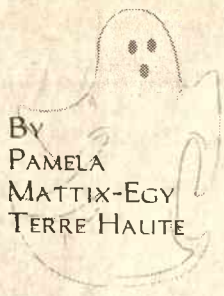
A \$6 orientation fee is required for newcomers to the Women's Fitness Center. Participants at the center must be at least 18 years old.

A YWCA annual membership fee of \$24 for adult women, \$20 for adult men, or \$5 for teen women is required.

For more information, telephone 232-3358. The YWCA is at 951 Dresser Drive in Fairbanks Park.

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Teacher two places at once



By
PAMELA
MATTIX-EGY
TERRE HAUTE

This story was told to me by an older neighbor, before he moved away. He got it from his father, who attended Indiana Normal School, and he vouched for its authenticity.

It seems that Indiana Normal School hired a middle-aged female teacher of English, to give a literature course. This woman came

from a distant big city (I think my neighbor said Chicago) and it became clear right away that she was very "different."

Sometimes, for no apparent reason, she would recite poetry to herself and at other times she would bring old-looking volumes on mysticism or medieval magic to her class and assign the students "busy work" so she could read them.

Many students felt she was strange or weird and were afraid of her. Some even said she was a witch.

One winter day my neighbor's father was doing a literature assignment this teacher wanted done during class. He looked out the window of the classroom and saw his mysterious teacher walking back and forth in the sun outdoors.

Just then this teacher approached his desk and asked him how he was doing. He looked outside again and the same teacher was still also walking back and forth in the sun! He realized a normal person couldn't be in two places at once.

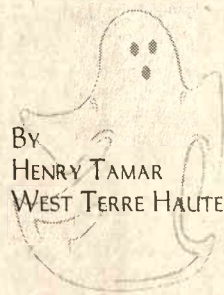
He tried to be calm as possible and nonchalantly said to her "I see you like to take the sun in the winter."

She replied "Yes, I think it is a good idea to get a little sun now and then."

My neighbor's father didn't "let on" that anything was wrong, but after the class he hurried over to the dean of the school and told him about his experience.

That week the mysterious teacher was asked to give up her job, and she was not seen in the valley again.

Accident victim still hitchhikes



By
HENRY TAMAR
WEST TERRE HAUTE

This is the story of one of the vanishing hitchhikers.

Her name is Mary Whales, or some call her Screaming Mary.

She was killed in Indianapolis in about 1965.

As she thumbs down a car she will vanish before she had arrived where she wanted to be taken.

She had traveled all the way from Indianapolis to Seelyville.

On your way to Seelyville around in the woods

there's a road called Screaming Mary's Lane (at least some people call it that).

Well here is how the story starts.

One cold autumn night my grandpa was on his way home from work. He went down the road he always went down and he saw a woman with long black hair and a long black dress.

My grandpa thought she was so young and it was so cold he gave her a ride to the graveyard. (It was only a half mile away).

When he got to the graveyard he turned around and she had disappeared.

After it happened he found out she was one of the vanishing hitchhikers.

And that's the end of my story.

Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Aker

Mr. and Mrs. Virgil E. Aker of Brazil will celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary during a reception from 2 to 5 p.m. next Sunday at Lena United Methodist Church.

Friends and relatives are invited. It is requested gifts be omitted, but cards would be appreciated.

They were married Nov. 3, 1942, in Lena. The late Rev. W.B. Taylor officiated.

Mrs. Aker is the former Betty Kettering.

Aker retired from the U.S. Postal Service in 1976.

The celebration will be hosted by the couple's children and their spouses: Judy and Larry Foulke of Avon, Jerry and Mary Aker of St. Louis, Terry and Sherry Aker of Rushville, Kathy

Mr. and Mrs. Carl E. Rodgers

Mr. and Mrs. Carl E. Rodgers will celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary Saturday at Emmanuel United Methodist Church, 6076 U.S. 150, West Terre Haute.

The couple will renew their wedding vows at 12:30 p.m. A reception will follow from 1 to 4 p.m.

Friends and relatives are invited. It is requested gifts be omitted.

The celebration will be hosted by the couple's children and their families: Judy Lowe of Massachusetts, Sue Pollitt of Wisconsin, Jean Smith of Indi-



and Herschel White and Cindy and Richard Brown of Brazil.

Mr. and Mrs. Aker have 11 grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.



The children's anniversary

City has b

The town of Terre Haute came into being Oct. 25, 1816, when the land owners made the town plat.

Cuthbert and Thomas Bullitt of Louisville, Ky., Jonathan Lindley of Orange County, Ind., Hyacinth Lasselle of Vincennes and Abraham Markle of Fort Harrison, called themselves "The Proprietors of the Town of Terre Haute," afterwards known as "The Terre Haute Company."

These men were speculators, and doubtless thought the location of a town on, or near these lands would be a profitable venture for them. The beautiful valley, the high rolling prairie with its rich soil, the river as an avenue of communication and commerce, and the Fort as a protection against possible Indian attacks, all helped to determine these men to purchase this land and build a town in the vicinity of Fort Harrison.

The exact location finally was left to Jonathan Lindley. He employed his good friend and neighbor, William Hoggatt, a Quaker engineer, to survey the land and determine the exact site of the town.

There was a small settlement scattered around the fort, and one also at Old Terre Haute, about three miles south downstream, with an Indian village between.

Each seemed a desirable location, but Hoggatt, an experienced surveyor, quickly decided that the terrace "where the Wa-

Haunted Valley

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Vigo County Public Library

When the moon rises

Community Affairs

Folklore (w)

More on page 8 & 9

TS OCT 25 1992

Tribune-Star/Jim Avells



Beware the graveyard at midnight

BY
MICHAEL
LUNSFORD
TERRE HAUTE

There was only one requirement to get into the gang, and it was the one thing that he was scared of most of all. He

had always wanted in — several of the guys he wanted as friends were in — but as of yet, he hadn't cut it.

Local legend had it that to stick a knife into the grave at the stroke of midnight was a real rite of passage, an immediate trip into manhood, and that is what the gang's members wanted.

It was the gang's toughest (he had done his own tattoo with a pocket-knife) who put it this way: "If you want in, you have to stick this (he held up an old, broken-bladed butcher knife) into that old man's grave when you hear the midnight bells sound at the church. And, you'll do it this Saturday night or it's never."

"Oh," he added, "I'd watch my legs if I were you. The old man might just reach up and take a swipe at you." The "tough guy" walked away with a satisfied grin on his face. "Don't look back," he cackled.

The week crawled by, but Saturday night came soon enough. At about eleven the boy was standing outside the old iron gate in the cold air of late October, a half mile from town and his own warm bed.

But he wasn't cold. Beads of sweat trickled down his back, and his hands were clammy.

"This is ridiculous," he tried to convince himself. "I stick the knife. I walk away. I'm in. Simple." But it took him the full hour to build up his courage and walk through the creaking black fence that separated him from being just average or a member of the toughest gang in town.

He wandered around a while between tombs and headstones, wilted flower arrangements and the dew-covered flags of the veterans. He superstitiously sidestepped the graves.

He found it in the pale moonlight, a simple mound of dirt with an aged, chipped limestone marker, and he quietly

wondered if the old man could smell his fear six feet under. "But HE IS six feet under," he muttered. He pulled the knife out from under his leather jacket, the blade catching a glimmer of moonshine.

With a determined exhale he knelt over, his eyes focused where his feet edged up to the swollen earth. He could smell the scent of death, he thought, but whatever the old man was like when alive, or what he looked like now, wasn't his concern. The old man couldn't hurt him. He had to get this thing done and go meet his buddies.

It was then that he heard the first peal of the old church clock. By the sixth strike he had the blade shoulder level. By the tenth he held it above his head (he nervously laughed, thinking of a similar scene in an old late show. All he needed now was a good, thick fog!). With the 12th strike he brought the knife down hard near his boot and into the soil.

It was done. Simple. Easy. He was in! He stood upright, smiled in relief, caught a deep draft of cool breeze, chuckled and began to almost skip away as he took his first step across the grave.

But as he moved, he felt it: a tug, a hard pull, a cold hand, that sent a shiver up his spine, and a nightmare to his mind's eye. The boy dropped dead, face down, across the old man's grave.

By one o'clock the gang was gone. They knew he'd chicken out. The tough guy said he planned on letting everyone know that the punk had "chickened out," hadn't even shown up.

The cemetery caretaker, a gray-skinned, bent old soul, found him the next morning. The body was as cold and as pale as any he'd seen. The boy seemed to have a scream left in his throat.

"What was it this time?" the caretaker wondered. Another drug overdose? Another messy suicide over a lost girlfriend?

But there was no blood, no bullet hole either. The coroner called it "heart failure." Others found it odd that there was an old butcher knife running through the kid's pant leg, pinning his rolled up jean cuff to the grave!

See "Haunted Valley," Pages C8-9

Ye who enters is forever lost

BY
TIFFANY POWERS
TERRE HAUTE

Kristy, a 13-year-old girl, was walking down a long, dark, old street. Her footsteps echoed throughout the neighborhood. Her hands were deep in her pockets, and she could see her breath in the cool fall air.

"What am I doing?" She thought. Kristy had taken a dare to go to an old, supposedly-haunted house, and stay there

alone, all alone, on Halloween night. Memories rushed through Kristy's head. When she was only 6 years old, she had gone into this house. Someone, or something, had grabbed her. The last thing she heard was that laugh. That horrible laugh that sounded like it came from the graveyard.

"Stupid, stupid, stupid," Kristy thought. "I shouldn't have taken that dare." She heard footsteps. She turned around . . . but no one was there.

A few moments later she found herself at the house. It was tall, with black shutters and an eerie green light glowing in the attic window. Kristy took a deep breath. She walked inside.

There were cobwebs everywhere. The furniture was now antique as they were covered with white sheets.

See "Lost," Page C8

Madge's spirit inhabits home

BY
HOLLY
CARTWRIGHT
TERRE HAUTE

In the late sixties, my family moved into an old farm house near Marshall. Our landlords were Mr. and Mrs. Hockett, an old couple who had lost their only daughter to a serious disease many years ago while they occupied the house. They would tell us stories of Madge and how she had been engaged to be married and live with her husband in this house

when she suddenly died before she could say "I do." My family and I believe she still roams the house in which she had so many hopes and dreams for the future.

It all began one Sunday morning when my mother awoke to her name being called; "Rita, Rita," in a soft comforting voice.

Mother sat up in bed and listened; "Rita, Rita," she heard as she searched the house looking for the person behind the voice. Finally my mother realized that she had overslept and needed to wake up the family to attend church that morning. My mother sat back and thought to herself; was it Madge?

One day when my mother had finished hanging the laundry out to dry on the clothes line in our back yard, we all piled in the car for a trip to town.

See "Madge," Page C8

Do the dead really live?

BY
K. VAN
WINKLE DOUB
TERRE HAUTE

The Hollywood movie "Poltergeist," popularized, the theory that the wrath of the dead can be manifested upon the living.

The unknowing family moved into a house built upon a graveyard. A series of nightmarish hauntings including "the disappearance of their young daughter," as well as "the horror of ghostly specters," eventually drove the family from their home.

The movie was fiction. However, it is possible that a haunting on the scale of the fictional movie actually happened. If all logical explanations are put aside, events similar to those did occur in the sleepy rural town of Lewis.

The two story frame house with its wide veranda, bright whitewashed facade, and curving staircase, was considered a grand achievement from the Chrissman family.

Unbeknownst to Curt Chrissman a small family graveyard had stood in silent tribute to life's passing on the land where his new home now stood.

The former owner of the land in his haste to acquire money had removed the tombstones.

See "Dead," Page C8

Dorothy Jerse looks back each week at local history as reported in the Terre Haute Tribune and the Tribune-Star.

Ten years ago (1982)

- The Union Tower blockhouse at Ninth and Spruce streets was closed. Conrail had changed to a centralized traffic control system based in St. Louis and Indianapolis and no longer needed this blockhouse from which rail switches had been controlled.
- Alfred "Knute" Johnson was recognized as the Outstanding Biology Teacher for 1982 in Indiana. A graduate of Concanon High School and Indiana State University, he was a member of the Terre Haute North High School faculty.
- Rona and Sandra Notter, dressed as Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck, were the sweepstakes winners of the 34th annual Halloween Parade at Deming Park.
- Hoosier Prairie Elementary School, completed in 1979, was one of 11 buildings designed by Indiana architects to be honored at an awards dinner of the Indiana Society of Architects held in Evansville.

Twenty-five years ago (1967)

- Fort Harrison Post 40, American Legion, and Milton and Sidney Levin, operators of the Corner Furniture Store, co-sponsored the downtown Halloween Parade. The co-chairmen were Milton Levin and Fred Schwartz.

- The tenth annual Advertising Salute Dinner honored Stran-Steel, one of Terre Haute's largest employers with a work force of 600. The plant was currently being expanded under the direction of Bernie Burdick, manager and vice-president.
- Dr. Jack T. Johnson was named the first associate dean of the College of Arts and Sciences at Indiana State University. Johnson, an associate professor of political science, would assist Dean Richard H. Gemmecke who had headed the College of Art and Sciences since it was established in 1962.
- Three of 20,000 working women in Vigo County were singled out for special recognition at the 5th Annual "Salute to Women Who Work" dinner sponsored by the Terre Haute Business & Professional Women's Club and the Terre Haute Chamber of Commerce. They were Betty Martin of the Emeline Fairbanks Library, Margaret F. Wiggs of the Tribune-Star Publishing Co. and Dr. Dorothy McMullan of the Indiana State University School of Nursing.

Fifty years ago (1942)

- Student chairman Maver Gibbs, members of Hi-Y and other Garfield students were in the process of compiling a list of former students who were now serving in the armed forces. These names would be listed later on a plaque.
- All fuel-drawn vehicles were barred from the line of march in the Indiana State Teachers College homecoming parade. Students canvassed the city for all available horses, wagons and carriages.
- The home of Wayne Jensens of 2709 Cruft St. was featured in the American Home magazine.
- The music for a musical tea at the Women's Department Club was provided by the Fidler Trio, Emil Taffinger (baritone), Gertrude Horton (soprano), Dorothy Fidler (cello) and Martha Phillips Heustis (piano). Mrs. J.B. Pfister was the music chairman and Mrs. Gilbert Gambill was the president of the club.
- The U.S. Navy appealed again to civilians to lend their binoculars for the duration. Not authorized to accept gifts or free loans, the Navy would purchase the binoculars for one dollar, and if they were still available at the conclusion of the war, return them to the owners.

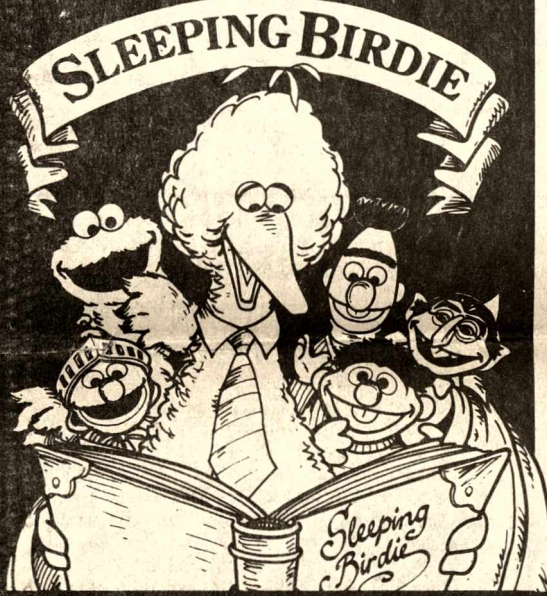
At this point, you probably have a several questions:
1. Why was he soaking the snake in the bathtub?
2. Did it have snake B.O.?
3. Despite the lack of armpits?
4. Does the Canadian legal system have a lot of spare time, or what?
The answer to No. 4 is clearly "yes," because when the case went to trial, defense lawyer Hale had an actual toilet brought into the courtroom and filled with water for a demonstration intended to prove that Even would, on his own, go com-mo-diving. I am still not making this up. The prosecutor strongly objected to this demonstration, arguing that "the very reason we are in court is because

of an allegation that he tried to force a snake down the toilet."
But the judge decided to allow the demonstration. And so, as the various legal parties looked on intently, a state-appointed snake guardian removed Even from a sack and placed him into the toilet bowl. A hushed and dramatic silence fell over the courtroom, and then, suddenly, Professor Prendergast leaped to his feet and shouted: "I DID IT! I MURDERED CLARISSA WITH THE WEED WHACKER AND I'M GLAD!!"
No, unfortunately nothing that conclusive occurred. Even stayed in the toilet for a moment, then slithered back out to-

ward was same not der um, B str the not exa erak crin snal of l full citie snal .75. do! stay

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Haunted Valley

Lost • Continued from C1

Kristy began to explore the rooms. She went into the library. The shelves were filled with encyclopedias, and there were several chairs and a desk. She studied the desk for awhile, and she could swear she saw a book float across the room. She looked around, but saw nothing out of the ordinary. Kristy had a funny feeling in her stomach, so she left.

Most of the door led to closets. Nothing seemed weird about them, but every time she closed the door she could swear she heard the sound of fall leaves being swept off of the porch.

She found the laundry chute. She looked down, and saw hundreds, no thousands of bodies, lying there, moaning, calling for help. Kristy jumped.

"This is getting too weird for

me," she thought. She found the bedroom and laid down on the bed. "Maybe I'm going crazy," she mumbled. She looked at the carpet, and she could swear she saw a bloodstain on it. She rubbed her eyes and it disappeared.

She tried to sleep, but that laugh sounded in her head. Suddenly she jerked up. There was a man standing at the foot of the bed. He pointed at her.

"Ye that enters, spirit will not," he said.

"What do you mean?" Kristy said. Suddenly he laughed. That awful, awful laugh that haunted her for years.

The next thing Kristy knew, she was at the bottom of the laundry chute. A woman was staring at her.

"What did that man mean by

"Ye that enters, spirit will not?" Kristy asked.

"Whoever enters, enters only as a body . . . their soul is left behind. He takes your soul, sells it to the devil himself, and one day hopes to take over the world," she said.

"How do I get out of here?" Kristy asked.

"You can't. You're stuck here forever, forever, forever, forever. . ." The words faded away.

"Kristy? Kristy, wake up," her brother said.

"Huh?"

"It's okay. You were just having that dream again. Your eyes, they look weird. Almost as if the center was fire."

"Jake, I'm not so sure that was a dream."

Madge • Continued from C1

While we were out it had rained, and mother was worried about her laundry.

When we arrived home that afternoon, we found all the laundry dry, neatly folded and placed in clothes baskets on the back porch. We called many friends and neighbors to thank whomever did this friendly deed. No one ever admitted to it. We asked ourselves, was it Madge?

My older sister also experienced things like clothes hangers jangling in the closet and sounds of footsteps on the wooden staircase leading to the second floor where she and my other sister shared a bedroom.

They both had the same feeling of a person sitting down on their beds. Was it Madge?

My father sometimes would sleep on the living room couch at night. One evening as my mother sat crocheting in front of a window that looked out onto a large enclosed porch, she was startled by my father when he awoke suddenly and said, "Who is that woman standing in the window? Was it Madge?"

I had my first encounter one sunny afternoon while I played in our front yard.

Across the highway, and down a few yards was an old oak tree where my sisters and I

would sometimes play. Something caught my eye, it was a young woman wearing a long white flowing dress. I stared in awe at this beautiful woman. She seemed to be in a strange fog and she was waving at me, it was all in slow motion. I blinked and she was gone. I thought to myself, was this Madge?

We all thought that Madge was somehow watching over the family. We were never really frightened, just astonished by the strange happenings that went on in the old farm house on Highway 59.

Based on a true story.

Dead • Continued from C1

He sold the cleared land to Curt without thought of the dead whose sacred resting place had been desecrated.

As soon as the Chrissman family settled in strange and unexplainable things began to happen. A fire glowing brightly in the drawing room lit by some unseen hand; disembodied faces their countenance frozen in horror, looked out of gilt-framed mirrors mounted on the walls.

The strange occurrences were similar only in the fact that nothing seemed to happen unless Nathaniel, the Chrissman's young son, was present in the room. After grueling nights of

terror in Nathaniel's bedroom where the walls seeped fetid water and screams of a ghostly origin shook the house, Nathaniel was moved to a cot in the parlor.

The families struggle came to a climax during a blinding snowstorm in 1903.

The Chrissman's were awakened by Nathaniel's cries for help. Nathaniel's terrified screams seemed to be coming from outside the house.

Curt, grabbed his shotgun and ran barefoot into the frigid night. Nathaniel's footprints ended abruptly 20 feet from the house. Curt could hear his son's

cries becoming fainter but no sign was seen of the boy. Although a massive search was conducted, Nathaniel was never to be seen again.

The Chrissman's and their daughter abandoned their dream house and moved back to Jasonville. The house which had held their dreams and hopes had won, they left never to return.

Today the legend of the house lives on. The house itself stands as a crumbling, silent, monument to lost hopes and dreams. However, the question lingers "Do the dead wait amongst the living?"

Clark, Dorothy (History) Birthday of sorts on Halloween

Historically speaking



Clark retired as The Tribune-Star's women's editor in 1980. She has written a local history column since 1956. She is Vigo County Historian.

By Dorothy J. Clark
Special to The Tribune-Star

bash River runs straight" was better than at either of the curves above or below.

Lindley accepted the midway site. He believed if the town were situated at the Fort, old Terre Haute, only a short distance to the south, might become a rival, and vice versa.

If placed between the two, each might be made to contribute toward the new enterprise. The town was officially located on Sections 21 and 28; the site was platted, and the first sale of lots made Oct. 31, 1816.

The company gave bonds to the purchaser, in each case, in which they obligated themselves to execute deeds of conveyance for the lots mentioned, as soon as patents for the lands were received from the government. Terre Haute began its existence six weeks before Indiana became a state of the Union.

In the meantime, April 19, 1816, Congress had passed an enabling act for Indiana Terri-

tory, and delegates had convened June 10-29 at Corydon, in a Constitutional Convention.

This instrument — the constitution for the commonwealth — was ratified at a general election that same fall, and Indiana was admitted to statehood Dec. 11, 1816 — 176 years ago!

Indiana began its existence as a state with a constitution that would end the struggle of the pioneers to escape the undemocratic government of the territorial period.

A democratic state was formed prohibiting slavery and halting the further introduction of indentured servitude. Even though most of Indiana's pioneers came from southern states, when compared with the early fundamental law of the southern states, Indiana's constitution eliminated the aristocratic social structure that required only property owners eligible to hold office and vote, and protected slavery.

Settlers in the Indiana Territory and in the little towns chose sites on streams. As these commercial centers grew, some town dwellers took up manufacturing. Some towns grew up around mills.

All towns chosen as county seats began to prosper. Where the courts are, there are the people, and the towns became trading centers, and lawyers and doctors set up shop, and craftsmen of all sorts could find plenty of work building houses, barns,

making hats, and selling everything the pioneers needed and could afford.

Terre Haute prospered because it had a head start. It had an excellent site on the largest river. It became the county seat of Vigo County. It attracted men of the caliber of Chauncey Rose, who could lead and insure the town's growth with railroads, education, churches, and, above all, an attractive community.

In very early days, Terre Haute was able to take in all races and nationalities and religions and make them welcome. That ability still carries on today with every nationality in the world represented in the city. With one exception. The last time I checked, the city needs a person from Samoa to complete the roster.

In early days, labor opportunities brought the Welsh, English and Scottish coal miners to the area. The Irish came to work on the canal and the railroad. The Middle Europeans came to work in our factories. Italians came to work in many areas and stayed to raise generations of fine Hoosiers. The blacks, both free and fleeing slaves, came to own their own farms. One was our first barber in Terre Haute. The Chinese operated the first laundry.

It's impossible to list all the peoples in our melting pot, including the Syrians and Greeks and native-born Americans.

sure

Drunk: Home away from home



Haunted Valley

Community Affairs File

Vigo County Public Library

The river runs quiet



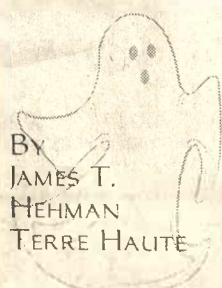
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Folklore (w)

Ts OCT 26 1992

Tribune-Star/Rod Deuster

Softly flows the river — except on Halloween



BY
JAMES T.
HEHMAN
TERRE HAUTE

It's banks. People have told of sights of arms floating among the debris on the current, but no officials can confirm these stories. Others have seen blood in the moonlight. For this river that flows through the town as gentle as a breeze in the daytime, turns to a different sort on one night a year.

It is told that worse sights appear on

I was always told "Don't go near the river at night." And over the years I have come to believe it. I've seen hobos shy away from sleeping along

this night, but these are but rumors, also. And on that night the shutters of all are closed and locked and only the foolhardy stray out into the night.

The high-pitched screams of the night along these banks is enough to turn all residents' blood to ice if heard. It is said that the river turns red on that night, that the dead rise out of their graves to pay homage to the great river, that an ancient rhythmic, satanic rite is performed on its banks that any wayward soul who accidentally wanders upon the sight becomes the next victim of the river. And among the midst of this riotous behavior, the King of them all appears — non other than the devil himself makes his appearance.

It is said that the river then turns green — a ghastly green more like of slime than the color most associated with

ivers. And that it takes all inhabitants within reach of its wake — alive, dead, ghost, ghoul, those of the grave and those of the town and renders them into itself.

Rampaging, roaring onward it goes, its growing tentacles reaching ever so far to grasp hoses and buildings. It turns a gory color somewhat between an orange-brown to muddy red to a gray-yellow-purple glop that seems to ooze toxic vapors — destroying all within breathing distance. Then, as suddenly as it has risen it slows, as if awaiting its greed for the taking, only to round the bend and rise to a roaring crescendo of new rage — "A city lies ahead." Its inhabitants have no time to leave their homes, or belongings behind before it is upon them.

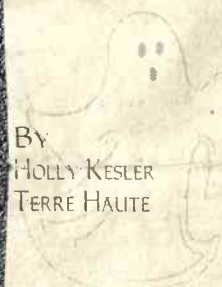
Taking their lives, homes and all with it, the river plunges on, its greed un-

quelled. It would go onward for more destruction, but for one small factor — a creeping feeling of light — a glimmer on the east horizon. Thus quelling the river, slowing its course, calming its needs. Its speed thus slowed, the king of demons takes his leave, spiritual ghosts from the graves return to their on its mad flight. Comes the dawn, and with it the river is calm and peaceful and serene as a normal river should be.

So, take a warning never to venture near this river on that one night, that ghastly, ghoulish night, that night of the dead — HALLOWEEN NIGHT.

See "Haunted Valley,"
Pages D2, D3, D5

Murder victim forever bound to prison The voice of doom may call



BY
HOLLY KESLER
TERRE HAUTE

I've never really believed in ghosts. Actually, there was never much I was scared of. My friends called me a tomboy, and I was basically fearless. Until I moved to Lexington, Ky.

Having lived in West Terre Haute all of my life, I enjoyed the thrills of the "big city." It amazed me that you could shop at midnight and skating at 2 a.m. To me Lexington was a dream come true. That idea lasted about a month.

It wasn't the city's fault, really. I was just homesick. We had moved onto a federal reservation, because my father worked for the

prison system.

The reservation was just what you'd expect. Like an Indian reservation, many families found their homes there. At least one member of every family worked at the prison. It didn't bother me, living by the prison and it's nearby graveyard.

That is, until I met Matt Richer. Matt had lived on the reservation about three years. Matt was the one who first told me the story of Elizabeth.

Elizabeth was the wife of a former wife of the prison. She was 15 when a car wreck confined her to a wheel chair. Legend has it that one night while she was home alone, her house was broken into. Elizabeth was shot once in the head. She died minutes later in her own bloody mess. No one was ever convicted of her murder, but that didn't matter.

Elizabeth hadn't gone anywhere.

Sure she was dead, but her spirit stayed behind. It stayed on the reservation to protect its new renters from similar tragedy.

How do I know this is true? How else would you explain your bath water being ran when no one is at home but you, and you know you didn't turn it on.

How else would you explain beds that make themselves? How else would you explain a television that turns itself on? Yes these things really happened at the Wardens house.

I know. I babysat there. At night, all by myself.

If you don't believe me, you can call anyone on the reservation or myself. Someone somewhere still always answer the phone, and if your lucky, sometimes it's Elizabeth.

Once upon a time, there was an old lady who lived in an old house. The house was real spooky. It

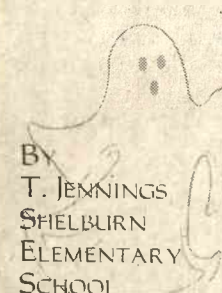
was white. There were vines growing on it and trees surrounded it. An old dog lived there, too.

One night the dog was chasing a ball, and it rolled into the bathroom. The dog began to bark. A voice said, "Come into the attic. I have a bone for you."

So, the dog followed the voice up the dark stairway to the attic. The voice got louder and louder and louder. The dog ran to the voice and was burned up. All that was left was his bones.

The old lady came to the attic looking for her dog. When she saw the bones she had a heart attack and died. The next day, the police came to the house, but all they found were bones.

Friendly Spookie Pookie meant no harm



BY
T. JENNINGS
SHELBOURN
ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL

Pookie the Spookie and he wasn't mean or friendly, just a little bit spooky.

Once upon a time, down a dark haunted lane, there were trees that looked like goblins everywhere.

At the end of the lane there was a house four stories high. In the house lived a ghost in the attic. He was

One Halloween night Pookie thought he would fly around and scare some kids a little bit.

He went down the lane to town and the kids couldn't see him.

The first kids he came to were a witch and a skeleton, whose names were Jason and Jessica Hall.

The kids were knocking on Miss Miller's door. Just as she opened the door Pookie screamed Boo! He really scared them. Miss Miller told them how rude they were for screaming Boo! She thought it was the kids

doing it. The kids ran and hid real quick.

Then Pookie felt bad about what he had done. He went to the graveyard and sat on a grave. When he did, all the goblins came out of the graves and started making noise.

Pookie ran home and went to sleep. The next day was his birthday. He was 2 years-old. He flew downstairs and there were his friends.

The goblins from the graveyard had a birthday cake and lots of fun. He lived happily ever after in the Haunted House at the end of the lane!

Gone is Batman's ghost; Mr. Bud, Miss Lean marry

BY
RYAN COOPER
MEADOWS
ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL

It was a dusty, windy day. Batman had died in 1930. It was the year 1943.

Mr. Bud is the mail-

man in our city, Ryanstown. He has saved several people in our town. One time he saved Miss Lean, his girlfriend, from a fire at her house. Another time a ghost of his father came into his house, but he wasn't scared a bit. He even let his father put his

ghostly hands on his shoulder.

One day, he saw Batman's skeleton. "He punched me," said Mr. Bud. "But, it didn't hurt me very much." Everyone was scared and left town except for Mr. Bud, Miss Lean, and his friend, Axel. They went to the museum to get some old weapons. They had a whip, a gun, and a sword. The skeleton was in the graveyard.

Mr. Bud, Miss Lean and Axel attacked the skeleton. All that was left of Batman's skeleton was a pile of dirt. Soon everyone came back to town for the big wedding of Mr. Bud and Miss Lean.

Brave children use lemon juice to kill monster

BY
KEITH SEARS
MEADOWS
ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL

Once upon a time, some kids went to a house. It was haunted. One boy went in the haunted house. The

boy saw a monster. The monsters chased the boy.

The boy went to the other kids

and told them what happened. The kids said, "Let's go to your house and get the Super Soaker 100. We will go get that monster!"

The kids went to their houses and got their squirt guns. They filled them with lemon juice. They found the monster and squirted him in the eyes.

The monster ran and fell in a trap. The monster is dead because the boys killed it.

The voice can kill you

BY
DARIVS COMER
MEADOWS
ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL

One day an old woman was in her garage and she heard a voice. It said, "I can see you."

The old woman turned

around, and she did not see anything. Then she ran into the house and got a gun.

The woman locked all the windows. She ran upstairs.

A voice said, "I can see you." It started to rain the next day.

The old woman was never found.

When you go past the house, you can hear a voice saying, "I can see you."

Bats more than animals

BY
ISAIAH BATSON
MEADOWS
ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL

Once upon a time, there was a vampire's house.

It opened. A bat flew over my head. I ran home.

I saw the bat in my bed. He tried to bite me. Then he turned into an old man. He had sharp teeth.

We jumped out the window, and he turned back into a bat. I shut the window, and I ran downstairs.

My mom was standing there, but she had turned into a bat, too!

Father 'Blood Bear' leaves lethal legacy

BY
ERIC NICKLESS
SHELburn
ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL

There was a grizzly who lived in a forest peacefully and never hurt anyone.

One day a scientist came to the forest and poisoned the bear. The grizzly turned mean. The grizzly killed everyone that came in the forest except the scientist.

One day a boy went in the forest and the bear killed the boy

The hunter pulled his gun and shot the grizzly in the heart it was unusual but the bear died instantly. Some people say the grizzly still haunts the forest in Ohio but no one knew that the bear was a female and had a cub. The cub was growing up fast by the time the cub was five the cub was all ready named Blood Bear Jr. The cub all ready killed a maximum of 1,000 people.

The hunter that killed the first grizzly had all ready set off to find and kill Junior. After the hunter had been looking for one week and two days, the hunter

Where are the brave?

BY
SUE LEE
HOOPINGARNER
TERRE HAUTE

On an eerie, dark October night, I believe, it was Halloween eve, A legend that was thought a myth

By all around . . . was seen. His body was thin and ghostly, His face angelic white; His eyes would glow, like fire, In the darkness, of the night. He rode a silver, shadowed horse, That glided upon the air;

And a misty fog, that followed them, Was always seen . . . somewhere.

Now with a full moon rising, Transparent figures rose; Through the night, in the darkness, His story then, was told. "On Halloween night," he bellowed, I'll ride your streets to see Who has courage, who has not . . . Are there none of you brave enough To face me?

For until I find the right one, Who can set my spirit free, Then I shall haunt, and I shall scare you, Taking from you what I need. There were a few, who faced this demon; They disappeared into the night. Now let this be a warning, As Halloween draws near; A legend that was believed a myth . . . A ghost that you should fear, And as you go trick-or-treating, Keep your eyes upon the skies . . . For a silver, shadowed horse . . . And a man, with burning eyes.

'House of Bones' can take what you want

BY
ERIN MYERS
SHELburn
ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL

At time ago three children named Chrissy, Candy, and Tracy had been living with their father for eight years because their mother had a weak blood vessel right after she had Chris the blood vessel broke.

One day the children went for a walk in the woods behind the house that their father told them not to go in.

After a half-an-hour of walking they came across a old abandoned town that was filled with old buildings, houses, and stores. Candy brought a lunch pail with three sandwiches and a bag of chips and three cans of pop.

All of the houses were cracked but the one on the end of the block was green with a blue roof. Before long it was dark so they thought about going back home but it was too dark.

So they broke into the house. Before long they fell asleep and an hour later the house shook and the lights were flickering all over town. They tried to get out but the door

slammed and

peared. They Their father his children le

phone he heard from the wood Chrissy was g before Tracy v and Candy w father barged saved his kids

From this d the woods beh Street.

Take care of the witches' favorite cat

BY
STACY STURMA
SHELburn
ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL

Once there was a very small town called Prairieville. and there was a little girl called Clara. She has a friend

called Shina. Shina and Clara are kind of like a team, because they do almost everything together.

Tonight is Halloween but Shina and Clara can't go trick-or-treating, because their parents were going to a ball game. That night they were going to go up in the attic. It was 6 p.m. and they were going to eat supper.

When they were done they went up the stairs to the attic. Then all of a sudden the door made a loud scream but that only got them shaking a little.

When they got to the door they heard a screeching sound. They were so scared, but they just had to go in.

As soon as they opened the door they saw a little black cat. It was scratching on the wall. Then it came over and started purring by their feet. Then they saw a bright red gleam.

The voice with no body can

BY
STEPHANIE WILSON
SHELburn
ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL

In the year 1912 a girl named Alicia was going to a carnival in Coryville, Ill., with her two best friends. Their names are Debora and Darline. (They are identical twins.) When they got to the carnival they went to the Maze of Mirrors and almost got lost! After the girls found their way out of the Maze of

Mirrors they went into the Fun House. "Debora, what time is it?" Alicia asked.

"Fifteen after 8. Why do you want to know, Alicia?"

"Just wanted to know, that's all."

"Fine."

"I'm hungry, is anybody else hungry here?"

"No, no!" "Well, okay." Th her and the voice s or later, sooner or with horror.

"What's wrong?" "Oh nothing, no "If you say so."

Then they went went on the Alpine cream cone, then t

"Alicia, Alicia, I gonna kill you with when you sleep."

"It's, it's getting home."

"Fine with us, w So the three girl And Alicia was nev

A little bit of soap can be

BY
JESSIE KAUFMAN
SHELburn
ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL

Once upon a time there was a scientist and his name was Mike. He was dressed in plain white. Once he and his family was sitting at the ta-

ble and they were poor. So Mike said I can make a robot. So Mike went in the garage and got a table and he built Frankenstein.

Mike did not know his son named Joey poured dish soap in the back of it.

So Mike put the last piece of the robot in place.

The robot's arms stuck straight out and his back stuck

Road to school filled with

One day James was walking to school and somebody kept

come here and I will can have your ears So at 3 p.m. he v

Nightmare is

BY
AMBER AKERS
SHELburn
ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL

One dark a party a b decided t was full decided to sit dov had built.

One young boy this is what he s Doom's Day and through the grav boy got left by hi

The boy saw l dead soul. Witches were flying by on t ing high. All of a sudden Dracula happ started chasing the scared boy and a s coffin and began to laugh.

The frightened boy began to scream in his bedroom. When it was all over t nightmare.

Sometimes you

BY
KRISTA ROY
SHELburn
ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL

Once upo maiden Her hus She j

when it started t She felt very alo heard foot steps was very still.

Suddenly she husband came t times. Her husb and stabbed hin

Haunted Valley

Then there was a puppy ghost

By
MATT LEE
SHELBY
ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL
started to run.

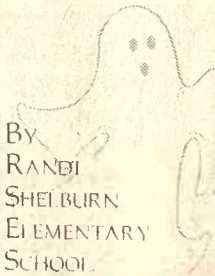
One Halloween night a friend and I were out playing tricks and corning. So we looked behind us and saw a ghost. So we

The faster we went the faster

he went. So when we got home it was a puppy with a sheet over it.

Hazel's home frightening place

By
RANDI
SHELBURN
ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL



It was a dark and stormy Halloween night. The people out trick-or-treating looked up in the sky and saw a witch named

Witch Hazel on a broom.

There was a house on a hill that nobody went up to it because it was haunted.

Every Halloween the witch would come and ride her broom at midnight.



HAPPY DAYS

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**LAMINATIONS
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CLASSIFIED

The cat may be your friend

Haunted Valley

Woe to those who destroy the house

There once was a boy. He was mean and slow. His name was Matthew and he was a ghost.

Every Halloween night he stayed in a haunted house. But one day in October some people destroyed the house. So Maniac Matthew tried going somewhere else, but he couldn't.

He had been cursed with a spell that reinforced

that he had to be in that house or he had to be destroyed.

So when the Duke came to take him away, he said "I will give you three days to rebuild your life or I'll have to destroy you. It's in my contract." And with that he was off.

Day one: Maniac Matthew couldn't figure out.

Day Two: Maniac Matthew figured out what the Duke said and built a house.

Day Three: He made it spooky and when the Duke came back he was impressed, so Maniac Matthew lived happily ever after.

By
ZACK PIERSON
SHELburn
ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL

Fright lies beneath the gravestone

It was two days before Halloween and a boy named Joe was riding his bike and saw this haunted

house in the graveyard. And by that house was a stone sticking up out of the ground that said, "Ghost."

The boy went to his dad and said, "Do you know why the stone by the house by the graveyard says ghost on it?"

"No, I don't"

So the boy went to his grandpa.

Joe's grandpa said that on Halloween night all the ghosts in the graveyard will come out and play games and other tricks on them.

And it did happen to Joe. On Halloween night that is why it says ghost on it.

And inside there is the ghost that they captured a long time ago.

By
TRAVIS KENNECKE
SHELburn
ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL

Little Sara just wants to play with friends

Once upon a time there was a friendly ghost named Sara. Sara was a nice little girl as a ghost. Sara wanted to play with little boys and girls but they would run away from Sara when Sara asked the little boys and girls to play.

The little boys and girls went to hide under the bed, under the stairs, in closets with the door shut, in the

hamper and even in a tree. They even hid on the monkey bars, on the roof and in tall weeds in the woods.

Sara was a nice friendly ghost but the people did not like her at all. So Sara sat at the railroad tracks crying for somebody to play with. A little boy and girl came out to play with Sara. Sara was happy to have friends.

Their mom and dad liked Sara. So Sara came over after school everyday. Sara and the little boy and girl played hide-and-go-seek.

By
CHEYON DEAKINS
SHELburn
ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL



Aargh! Saturday Night Fright

By
TIFFANY WILSON
SHELburn
ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL

It was an ordinary weiner roast.

Then it turned into a Saturday Night Fright. We went on a haunted ride.

We stopped at a graveyard and my sister started to cry. Then we went on a narrow bridge the truck died.

My dad went into a cornfield and came running out screaming and scared us all to death. Since we were all so scared we came home.

I can't wait until the next haunted ride.

Graveyard holds terror

By
JARROD
SHELburn
ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL

Oct. 30, 1992 on Halloween night, we were at a graveyard and there were holes in the ground and we were frightened

and we went home.

Mom tried to call the police but the wires were cut and we heard a sound upstairs and they all got killed.

Gus won't leave the kids he hates

By
BRANDI STANIFER
SHELburn
ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL

One time there lived an old man down the road from me his name was Gus, he was a mean old man. He lived by a lot of children. Gus hated children.

One day Gus died. Everybody kind of missed him, but the children were happy. The next day we went to his funeral.

Four days later I heard a moaning and groaning from outside. I went outside but I didn't see anything. At night the noise got worse.

The noise was so loud I couldn't sleep. I knew it was Gus's ghost when he said, "I'm back to haunt you."

Every night Gus roams through the streets moaning, groaning, and taking things from children.

It's been 20 years and Gus is still haunting the kids.

Poor Debra really was brave

By
CHRISTOPHER
THOMPSON
SHELburn
ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL

Once there was a mansion that was haunted.

One day a group of kids were in front of the old mansion

playing baseball. Debra hit the ball and it went in the and crashed through the window of the mansion. They all got mad at Debra.

Jeff said, "Good going, Slick Rick, go get it."

Debra said, "Okay, I will." Everybody was amazed by Debra by being brave enough to go in.

Two or three minutes later Debra came out the door with no ball in her hand and the palest face you could think of.

She said, "I . . . I saw a G-G-G-Ghost." And she dropped dead at their feet.

No one has found the ball or went in to this day except brave Debra.

Is Mr. P.J. spirit really nice?

By
JENNIFER SCHOFIELD
SHELburn
ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL

On Oct. 30, a group of kids went trick-or-treating, on a haunted street.

On a big hill there was a haunted house and in this haunted house there was another house. In this house there was a spirit, it was the ghost of Mr. P.J. He was nice and everyone like him.

One day he let the group of kids come inside of his house. They looked around and they saw that the house wasn't spooky.

So the next night, Oct. 31, the kids decided to go soaping houses. Well since they saw that

Mr. P.J.'s house wasn't haunted they decided to soap the house next to his.

Ever since that night no one has ever found the kids and no one knows who took them.

The cat may be your friend

By
BEA SEFEIK
SHELburn
ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL

Once upon a time there stood a big three story white house upon a hill top. A ghost was in half of the basement

and a graveyard in the other half. It was an old home.

Everyone who died there

came back to life as big black cats.

The people saw the cats and took the cats to the cat shelter but left before they got there the cats had walked out of the cages.

All the cats except one escaped. They went back to the house.

The cat and it's owner lived happily ever after.

That house is still standing there to this day.

Rain brings out the brain eaters

By
DEVLAN HARMON
SHELburn
ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL

Once in a graveyard there was an old haunted pond back in the woods.

It rained for seven days, and then the pond

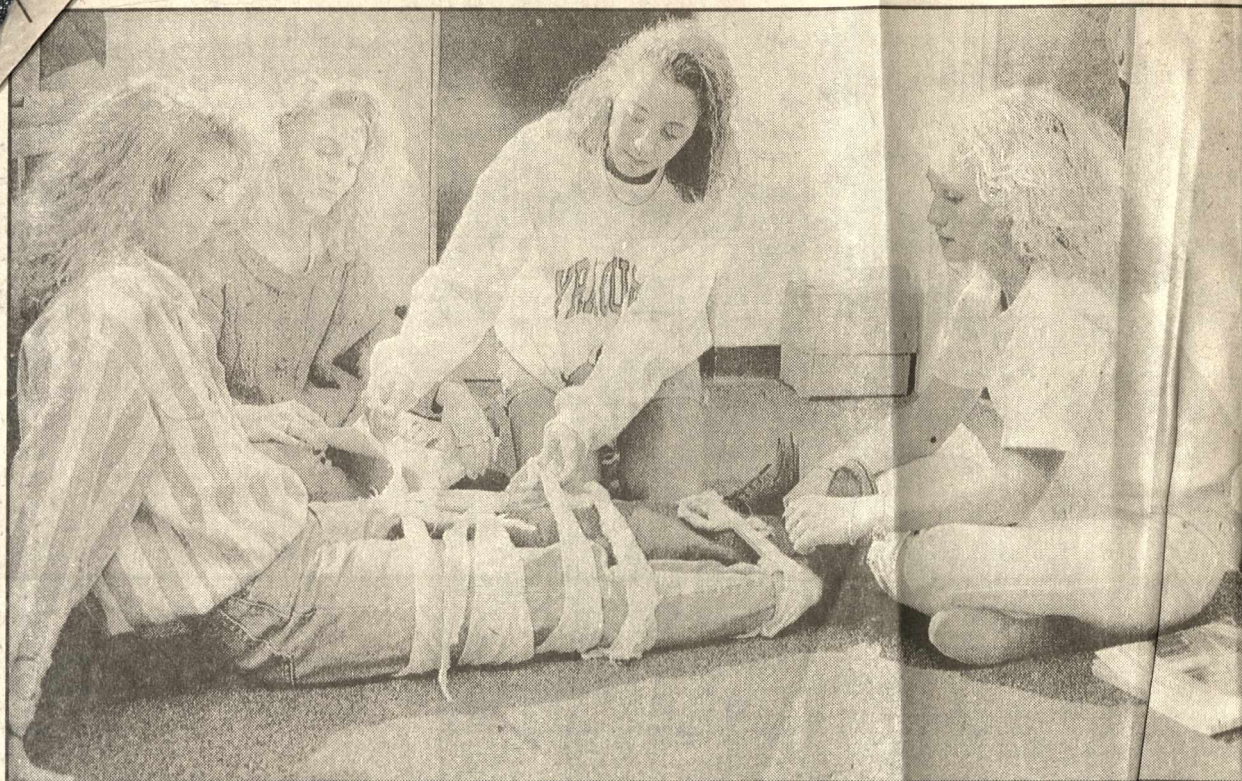
raised and raised until the whole graveyard was flooded.

And on Halloween night all the people in the graveyard started getting out of their graves and yelling I want brains!

And then all the people started swimming up from town to the graveyard. And then all the brain eaters ate the peoples brains.

And three weeks later the water went down and from that day on it was peaceful.





Tribune-Star/Jim Avello

Proper procedure: Julie Monninger, Chrissy Barbour, Rachel Seidenberg and Amy Schimmel are Terre Haute North High School students taking a cardiopulmonary resuscitation class.

Patriots learn lifesaving techniques

Jason Llewellyn

Special to the Tribune-Star

Saving lives is a serious matter, and that is why Randall Jensen teaches a lifeguard class at Terre Haute North High School.

"Other people benefit from us taking this class," said North senior Richard Woodworth. The

North

ter grade average in school and have the instructor's permission.

The class is for one semester, and up to 22 people can be in the class.

More people are usually enrolled in the spring class because

ing," senior Julie Monninger said.

Rescue breathing and methods of helping choking victims are taught in the CR class.

The first aid part of the class teaches the students to treat burns, fractures poisoning, strokes, seizure extensive bleeding and many other com-

Phillips and the other con-

attends leadership conference

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Seeking scholarships: National merit scholarship semifinalists at Terre Haute South High School seniors are (seated) Josh Ribolla, Paul Friebus, Krishna Konijeti and Sue Ghosh; (standing) Geoff Harmon. Supriya Mehta also qualified.

Six Braves Merit semifinalists

Six Terre Haute South High School seniors are among more than 15,000 semifinalists in the 1993 National Merit Scholarship Program.

Paul Friebus, Sue Ghosh, Geoff Harmon, Krishna Konijeti, Supriya Mehta and Josh Ribolla have the opportunity to continue their education at one of the nation's top universities.

South

finalists are expected to become finalists, with merit scholars selected on abilities, accomplishments and personal attributes considered important for success in rigorous college studies.

Three types of merit scholarships will be awarded in 1993.

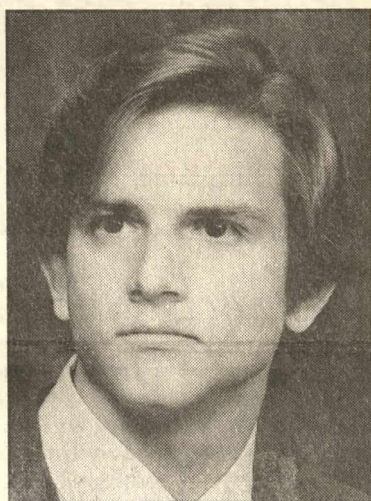
Every finalist will be consid-

ered for one of 2,000 national \$2,000 scholarships to be allocated on a state representational basis.

Corporations, foundations and other business organizations will finance 1,300 scholarships for those meeting a sponsor's preferential criteria.

More than 3,200 scholarships will be funded by colleges and universities.

attends leadership conference



CHRIS PHILLIPS

Phillips and the other congressional scholars will assume the role of U.S. Representatives by debating, lobbying and voting on proposed handgun legislation during a mock Congress on gun control.

The West Vigo Optimist Club donated \$250 and an anonymous club member donated another \$250 to help Phillips with expenses for the trip.

Phillips is on the West Vigo football, swim and track teams, a member of Mariah Club, Students Against Drunk Driving and Key Club. He served on the Spell Bowl, Academic Bowl and Model U.N. teams, writes poetry, and plays the guitar, trumpet and violin.

He is the son of James and Judy Phillips of West Terre Haute.

is the theme, and students will meet with key leaders and newsmakers from the three branches of government, the media and diplomatic corps.

Want To Be President?

Us About It!

Wabash Valley in grades 3-12, we want to know what you would be President of the United States. How would you handle foreign affairs? Do you want to change the education issues? Who would you like to be your Vice-President? Questions and any other issues or concerns you feel are addressed by the President of the United States in our

is know what you would do if you were President of the U.S. Essays can be typed or handwritten and must be completed entry form found below. Please read the following.

CONTEST RULES

1. Contest open to any Wabash Valley student in grades 3-12.
2. Essays must be no longer than 500 words and typed or handwritten.
3. All entries must be accompanied by a completed entry form.
4. Send all essays to:
If I Could Be President
c/o Patti Minglin
P.O. Box 149
Terre Haute, IN 47808
5. We will select one winner in each grade category: 3-6, 7-9, 10-12.
6. Winners will be notified by Friday, November 13.
7. DEADLINE FOR ALL ENTRIES IS FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30!!!!!!



'STINKY'S REVENGE: THE LEGEND OF THE 'EERIE CANAL'

A Folklore (w)

By Liz R. Carver
Tribune-Star

31

Ts OCT 30 1994

*Dear spooky
story readers:
What you're
about to
embark on is
a journey
down the Erie
Canal as seen
through the
eyes of a
fictitious
character.
This tale is
meant to be in
the spirit of
Halloween.
We hope you
enjoy it.*

It was a dark and stormy night.

Bolts of lightning crackled across the Midwestern sky, carving trails of bluish light into the darkened heavens. It was mere moments until midnight on the eve of Halloween. The mother of all storms had just begun.

A drowning rain burst from the clouds and poured onto all that existed in and around Terre Haute, the worst-smelling city in the world.

A stench rose from out of the old, dried-up Erie Canal bed on the south end of Terre Haute — the site of Terre Haute's legendary date with Halloween destiny.

This was "Stinky's" revenge.

☆☆☆

Many years ago, Stinky, a bulging-eyed, frog-like hobo traveling by the light of the moon along the banks of the Erie Canal, found his way into the friendly city of Terre Haute.

Along his tiresome journey, Stinky had been hissed at by slinky black cats. He had been chased by teeth-gnashing dogs. And he had been laughed at by mean-spirited residents of the towns he had passed through.

He traveled by moonlight so people would not see him and taunt and tease the frog-like man.

It was nearly light, and Stinky had put a full night of traveling behind him.

At Stinky's feet was Vladimir, his faithful canine companion.

"Ohhh, it'll be nice in Terre Haute," Stinky exclaimed in his froggy voice to Vladimir as the two neared the city. "I have heard such wonderful things about this grand city."

"Vladdy," as Stinky called him, had joined the froggy hobo years earlier as Stinky passed through one of the towns along the canal.

One day, the pooch, homeless and loveless, began tagging along as the old man hop-walked down the canal bank.

The dog, who suffered from a bad case of halitosis, was shy.

Each time Stinky looked back, the hound would look away, pretending to point out prey to an invisible hunter.

Finally, when the scraggly dog realized Stinky wasn't going to chase him away, he joined his new friend's side. Stinky was glad to have a friend.

"How 'bout that, Vladdy? We've finally come to a friendly town. We'll be welcomed here," Stinky said to his dog as the two outsiders lumbered along. The old frog-man smiled widely.

"Rarff!" Vladimir answered.

They usually traveled by moonlight — but this night was different.

Because Terre Haute was such a friendly town, they decided to take a short nap and awaken with the morning sun so they could make new friends of the townspeople.

Just outside the city limits, the wart-covered hobo and his scraggly dog yawned and stretched out under the branches of a budding coffee-bean tree.

"Tomorrow we shall make Terre Haute our home," Stinky said happily. "Sleep well, my friend. Rrrrrbit."

The two laid their heads on a moss-covered rock, and soon were snoring loudly.

☆☆☆

Stinky went to sleep peacefully, but his dreams haunted him.

In his dreams, black cats and teeth-gnashing dogs jumped out of the tree at him and Vladimir, and people waving sticks chased them. Stinky finally awoke in a sweaty panic when he felt something poking his ribs.

"We got yer dog," said a milky-faced man who was holding a long stick.

"Whaaaaa . . . ? Vladdy? Where's Vladdy? Why did you take him?" Stinky belched out at the man.

"He'll make us a good worker. Put him to work chasing prowlers away at night. His bad breath'll do it. He don't need to even bark," the mean man said.

Stinky raised up on his back legs. "Vladdy can't work," Stinky began to say. "He's old and tired, like me. Bring Vladdy back to me," Stinky pleaded, his bulging eyes crying.

With that, Stinky leap-frogged as fast as his web-toed feet could carry him, away from the man and into Terre Haute.

He hollered left and right for Vladimir. "Vladdy! Vladdy! Where are you, my friend?"

He searched for hours and hours, then days, then weeks, searching all the way to the south end of town, but no one would help Stinky search for Vladimir. The so-called "friendly" people of Terre Haute

would not even talk to him because he was dirty, ugly and smelly.

In fact, they laughed at Stinky, and called him names, just like the people in all the other towns.

One day, Stinky swore revenge on Terre Haute.

It was Halloween Eve, just before midnight. Stinky went down to the canal. He stuck his head in the water and drank and drank until the whole Erie canal was as dry as a desert. He sat back, patted his swollen belly, and began to burp.

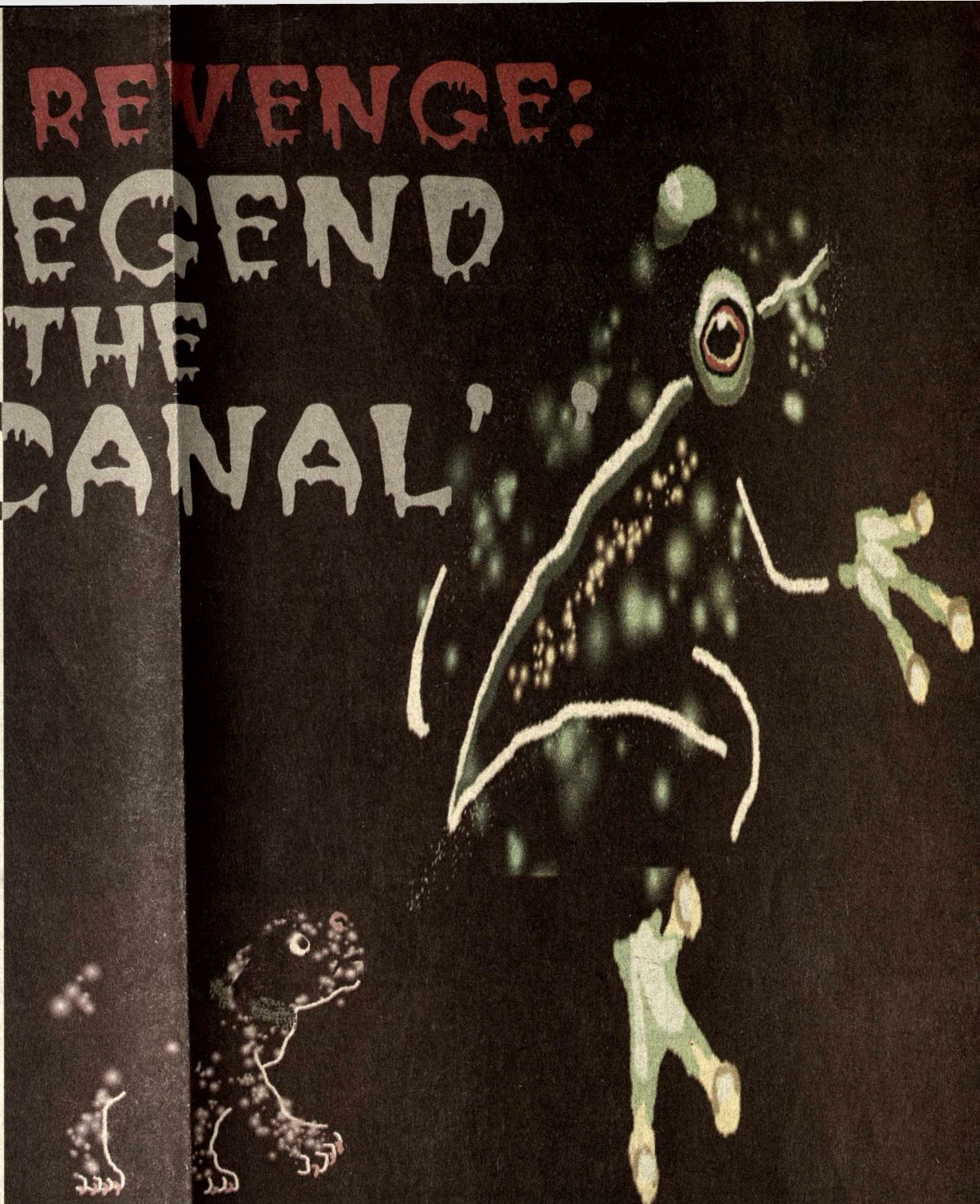
He burped out the longest, loudest, most smelly belch anyone had ever heard or smelled. His burps were so loud and thunderous they caused a massive storm with wild, howling winds.

☆☆☆

From that day on, Terre Haute has smelled quite putrid — especially each Halloween Eve when Stinky gets his revenge by repeating the thunderous, smelly, scary storms over and over again.

Legend has it, after the Halloween storms are over, you can hear the bitter-sweet belching chirp of a frog-like man who sits down on the dried-up canal bed, calling out for his friend.

"Rrrrrbit . . . Rrrrrbit . . ."



Dorothy Jerse looks back every week at local history as reported in the Terre Haute Tribune and the Terre Haute Star.

Ten years ago (1984)

- Funds gained from the annual Charity Ball sponsored by the Newcomers Club of Terre Haute were used to benefit the Sexual Abuse Victims Assistance group.
- Don Neuenschwander, president of John's Dental Laboratories, presented employee service awards to Jerry Neuenschwander, Richard Lewis, John Neuenschwander and Harold Burkhardt.
- The Terre Haute First National Bank celebrated its 150th birthday by playing host to the Chamber of Commerce First Friday program.
- Lee Hutson, who had been an all-around athlete at Rosedale High School and had played baseball at Murray State University, signed a contract with the Montreal Expos.
- Members of the Lullaby Grandmothers Club elected these officers: Helen Eldridge, Managhn Hupp, Rosalie Cham-

berlain, Marjorie Snap and Hazel Carter.

● Eighteen restaurants and beverage distributors worked together to produce the third annual Taste of Terre Haute for the benefit of the American Heart Association.

Twenty-five years ago (1969)

- Indiana Blue Cross, which founded the principle of prepaid health care in the state, celebrated its 25th anniversary. Terre Hautean Benjamin Blumberg, honorary vice-president, had purchased the first Certificate of Membership and had provided financial backing for the organization.
- Steve Marietta, a junior at Schulte High School, was named top boy scientist in the state during the 37th annual meeting of the Indiana Junior Academy of Science at Purdue University.
- CBS Records and CBS Marketing Services of the Columbia Broadcasting System and their employees contributed \$64,000 to the United Fund Campaign. This was the largest contribu-

tion ever made locally to the United Fund.

● Ribbon-cutting ceremonies by Gov. Edgar D. Whitcomb officially opened the 29.9 mile stretch of Interstate 70 between Indiana 46 southeast of Terre Haute and Indiana 43 in Putnam County.

Fifty years ago (1944)

- The Linton Township Farmers Institute was conducted at Pimento. The officers were Clarence Newlin, Walter McGrew and Mrs. Vern Randolph.
- Gus Perham was named manager of the Good House-keeping Shop at 208 S. Fourth St. The seven employees offered repair and rebuilding of house-

hold appliances.

● Matt Stafford of the Stafford Hat & Shoe Rebuilding Shop at 108 N. Seventh St. now was able to stock a full line of rubber heels. This was the first indication of relaxation of restrictions on materials for repair of civilian footwear.

● The annual Clabber Girl masked ball was conducted by the Mutual Benefit Association of Hulman and Co. employees in the Terre Haute House. The committee, which included Alva Eaken, Harvey Hall and Ray Sampson, reported a record attendance of 600.

● The campaign of the Vigo County War Fund and Community Chest was extended for 10 days, as the contributions were \$55,475 short of the \$213,525 goal.

Birthdays



JENKINS

Lona Howard Jenkins, a resident in Meadows Manor East at 3300 Poplar St., will observe her 100th birthday Tuesday.

She was born Nov. 1, 1894, to James and Virginia Howard in Parke County and is the only living child of the couple's six children.

Jenkins married Ralph Jenkins on June 22, 1918, at Paris, Ill., and has two daughters and a son-in-law, Ethel and Bob Reed and Virginia Mewes, all of Terre Haute.

Her five grandchildren are Connie Mayback and Marty Floyd, both of Terre Haute, Beckie Tichenor of Goshen, Becki McHenry of Indianapolis and Phil Reed of St. Louis.

She has seven great-grandchildren and several nieces and nephews.

Cards are welcome, but it is requested that no gifts be sent.



NIKLASCH

Mildred Ermisch Niklasch will have a 90th birthday celebration today during an open house in the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Ermisch at 420 Kean Lane.

Niklasch has two children, John Ermisch and Linda Robinson, five grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.

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CAMP NOWHERE

9:00

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Forrest Gump

Tom Hanks

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FRIDAY-LIVE DJ NIGHT 7 PM - 12 MIDNIGHT

SATURDAY-OCT. 29TH-HALLOWEEN COSTUME PARTY- 7-11PM- \$1 OFF IN COSTUME. PRIZES AND DRAWINGS!!

SUNDAY-OCT. 30TH-FAMILY HALLOWEEN COSTUME PARTY 1:30-4PM-\$1 OFF IN COSTUME. PRIZES AND DRAWINGS!!

7-9:30 OPEN SKATE

Take a Walk in the Woods

... and discover the historical and spiritual treasures of Providence Center.

Indulge in European and American cuisine at Sunday Brunch at the Woods, prepared by Marriott expert chefs, served from 10:30 am to 1:30 pm (EST) in O'Shaughnessy Dining Hall.

Visit the Heritage Museum and historic photo displays or shop at the gift shop for unusual goods and hand-crafted treasures.

Celebrate Sunday Mass 10:00 am (EST) with the Sisters of Providence in the Church of the immaculate Conception.

Pause for a moment of reflection at the National Shrine of Our Lady of Providence.

Discover the Woods by guided and self-guided walking tours.

For more information contact: Providence Center, Saint Mary-of-the-Woods, IN 47876 (812) 535-3131

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Complete contest rules available by sending a Guaranteed Weather Rules, P.O. Box 299, Terre Haute, IN 47804. Void where prohibited. Contest runs November 1-31, 1999. Employees of NewsChannel 2 (WTWO-TV), their family members, and anyone who works for a company that advertises on NewsChannel 2 are ineligible. Prizes unclaimed in the 15 minute time limit will be forfeited. Five (5) entries per name and/or address.

BeB

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HALLOWEEN

Monday, Oct. 29

Starts at 8 pm with ROCK & ROLL ALL NITE (It's a Party)

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* Drink Specials

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